

CHURCHES.
Protestant Episcopal—Rev. J. P. Gaven. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Presbyterian—Rev. J. P. Gaven. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal—Rev. J. P. Gaven. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Baptist—Rev. J. P. Gaven. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
German Lutheran—Rev. J. P. Gaven. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

SOCIETIES.
Masonic—Pomero Lodge. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
L. O. O. F.—Thom Lodge. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Welfare Division No. 36. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Sabbath School. Meetings every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Pomero, Marietta & Cincinnati Packet. The swift passenger steamer OHIO, M. Conroy, Master, will run as a regular packet between the above ports.
Regular Passenger Packet. Between Pomero and Cincinnati. The splendid light aug. M. Conroy, Master, will leave Pomero every Tuesday evening at 4 o'clock.

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BY R. T. VAN HORN. POMEROY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1892. VOL. 4. NO. 7.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.
BY HERBERT GARDNER.
[A letter from Kentucky's oldest newspaper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, dated Jan. 10, 1892, contains the following interesting story:]
"Now who would cross the Ohio, This dark and stormy night? 'O, I am this young lady's beau, And she, John Thompson's daughter, We've fled before her father's spite, With great precipitation, And should be found here to-night, I'd lose my reputation."
They've missed the girl and nurse beside, His horsemen had pressed me, And who will cheer my bonny bride, If yet they shall arrest me?
Outspoke the boatman, then in time, "You shall not fail, don't fear it, I'll row you over the river, But for your manly spirit."
And by my word, the bonny bird In danger shall not tarry, For though a storm is coming on, I'll row you over the river."

By this the wind more furiously rose, The boat was at the landing, And with the drenching rain their clothes Grew wet where they were standing.
But still, as wilder rose the wind, And as the night grew drear, Just back a piece, came the police, Their tramping sounded near.
"O, hush thee, hush!" the lady cries, "It's any thing but funny; I'll leave the light of loving eyes, But not my father's money!"
And still they hurried in the face Of wind and rain unsparring; John Thompson reached the landing place, His wrath was turned to swearing.
For, by the lightning's angry flash, He could he did discover, One lovely maid held all his cash, And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in woe, Across this stormy water, But leave the purse, and you may go, My daughter, O, my daughter!
"Twas vain; they reached the other shore, (Such dooms the Fates assign us), The gold he left, with his child; And he was left there, minus."

Heaven is a reality; not seen by eyes or flesh, but made known by revelation, and received by faith. Heaven is a rest from toil, trouble, temptation, and sin. Such a rest is very desirable, if it were only a sweet sleep; but heaven is more.
It is a state of delightful activity. Every faculty and every affection will find appropriate exercise; and probably latent powers not needed here, will there be waked into activity, powers suited to the new condition in which the soul exists.
Heaven is full of light; all darkness and doubt are absent. Knowledge will there be clear, and will possess a transforming efficacy; still, knowledge in Heaven will be progressive; the pleasure will partly consist in ever learning unknown before.
Heaven is a region of perfect love—all the heart, and if the power of loving should be in the progress of the immortal soul, be increased a thousand fold, all this increased ability will be kept constantly in full stretch by the loveliness and glory of the objects of affection. Christ is the centre of attraction in heaven. From him radiate the rays of divine glory, which enlighten, attract, and beautify all the innumerable host of worshippers. Love in heaven, is pure, perfect and reciprocal. He who loves cannot be satisfied without return of affection. And the more exalted and excellent the character of the person beloved, the sweeter the sense of his favor. Heavenly joy consists in loving with all the heart, and in being beloved. As heaven is a society, the members are happy, not only loving their King, but in mutual love. There will exist no envy, no jealousy, no animosity; every soul will be transparent to every other, and all will see that nothing but pure love exists in every heart.
Heaven is a place of peace—sweet peace and uninterrupted harmony; all distracting elements will be left behind. In the symbolic heavens of the Revelation, we read of wars; but in the heavens where saints and angels dwell and worship, war can have no place. The atmosphere of heaven is exempt from all malaria; it is purely itself; all sin and impurity are denied admission into that holy place.
Heaven is a place of song—high affections are expressed in celestial music. O how elevating, how delightful the melodies!—Heaven is an exchanging state; or all change is advancement in knowledge, in dignity in happiness.—American Messenger.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Mr. Bierce in his early history of the town of Northfield, Sumner County, relates the following singular case in which an innocent man came near conviction for murder. He says: "In 1836 one of those singular cases occurred in this township which has a rival only in the celebrated case of Holmes in Vermont. An Englishman by the name of Rupert Charlesworth, who was boarding with Dorsey W. Viers, suddenly and strangely disappeared. He was traced to Viers' house the night of the 23d of July, and a constable who went on the morning of the 24th, before daylight, to arrest him, found he was gone, and no trace of him could be found. On the arrival he found Mrs. Viers weeping in the house. Viers told contradictory stories about his leaving—once saying he jumped out of the window and ran, and that he tried to catch him, but could not. At another time that he went off when Viers was asleep, and he knew nothing about it. Some one heard a rifle in the direction of the house of Viers that night—and some one saw blood; the next morning on some bars that led from Viers' house to the woods.
Years rolled on, and the excitement grew stronger with age, till the first of January 1831, complaint was made before George Y. Wallace Justice of the Peace, that Viers had murdered Charlesworth. Viers was arrested and a trial of eight days followed. Not only the circumstances I have mentioned, but also, by a hired girl of Viers, that a bed blanket used by Charlesworth was missing from the house of Viers on the day of Charlesworth's disappearance, and that it was afterwards found hid under a haystack, with large black spots on it resembling blood.
It was also proven that Charlesworth had a large amount of money and that Viers was, previously to this, poor, but immediately afterwards, flush of money—and to complete the chain of proof—a skeleton had been found hid under a log in the woods, in the direction of the path from Viers' house to the barn.
Matters stood in this shape when two men unexpectedly appeared from Sandusky, who swore they had seen Charlesworth alive though passing under an assumed name, at the time of the supposed murder. On this testimony Viers was acquitted, but his acquittal did not change public sentiment as to his guilt. It was generally believed that it was adding perjury to murder.
Viers commenced a search for the missing man with a perseverance that would have done honor to a blood hound. He visited all parts of the Union, and after a search of years he went into a Tavern in Detroit and in presence of a large company in the bar-room, enquired if any one knew a man by the name of Charlesworth. All replied no. When about to start a man stepped up to him and taking him one side enquired if his name was Viers, from Northfield. Viers said it was. The stranger said, "I am Rupert Charlesworth—but I pass here under an assumed name. Charlesworth returned to Northfield with Viers and on a full meeting of the town, and a thorough investigation, it was with one exception, unanimously voted that he was the veritable murdered man. He died in 1831."
It appeared that he had passed a counterfeit \$10 bill to Deacon Hudson, and during an arrest to make which the constable went in the morning he ran away—went to England and remained two years—returned under an assumed name, and went into the wild of Michigan, where his real name former residence and history was unknown.

JOHN B. GOSWELL.—A traveling correspondent T. L. Co. of the Presbyterian, who dates from Worcester, Massachusetts, thus remarks: "I saw a man who told me that he had been in the streets of New York; that the buffoon of the grog shops; that the struggling aspirant for a better life, rising and falling, faint, yet pursuing; he has bled on until he now stands confessedly first among the popular orators of the land. During the last nine years, he has probably addressed more people than any man of his age in America. Within that time he has traveled seventy-four thousand miles, and delivered two thousand and sixteen addresses to crowded assemblies, and no less than one hundred and seventy thousand persons, have at his meetings, signed the voluntary pledge. He is a member of the Rev. Edward N. Kirk's church in Boston, and has been for some time. How much such a luminous career of philanthropy puts to shame the cowardice and sloth and selfishness that wreck and despoil so many of human existence. God grant him many a year of toil and triumph in this hospital world of sin and suffering."

A CALIFORNIA MENAGERIE.
A party of gentlemen in California are now engaged in collecting a menagerie of animals, native to that region, which they intend for exhibition on this side of the continent. They have already quite a collection of grizzlies, the largest of which weighs fourteen hundred pounds, and seven feet long by five feet high. These bears came from the region of the North Yuba, and were taken by means of large box traps built of logs, strongly fastened together, with a sliding door at one end, which is raised by a lever placed on the top of the trap. To one end of this lever the bait is attached, in the same manner as the common rat trap is baited. The bear walks in and the door falls down behind him.
The grizzly is one of the monsters of the continent, whose size and power our people cannot readily appreciate. On Christmas, 1850, we dined off one of these animals which weighed over 1,200 pounds, caught some eight miles from the capital. With the exception of the great polar bear, ursus maritimus, it is the largest of the bear tribe. Its courage and ferocity are well known, and although, as a general thing, it will not make the first attack, yet when roused, it exhibits a degree of strength and agility, which, from its clumsy appearance, would scarcely be believed. The food of the grizzly is almost entirely roots; berries, undergrowth, and he delights to roam in the low groves of the scrub oak; and in the acorn season he gathers food by means of rearing himself on his hind legs, and with the fore paws sweeping together a small branch of pines, which he quickly clears of both branches and fruit. He is not a ready climber, and when the tree grows too high for his reach, he bites off the branches with his powerful jaws.—Ch. Enquirer.

STATISTICS.—It is estimated that a woman's chance of getting married is in the majority between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. After thirty, her chances are mighty small, and she is supposed to dwindle away to zero hence the great length of time most ladies take in arriving at this age.

Two boys, one ten, and the other fifteen years of age, have been arrested in Pike county for horse-stealing.

SWITZERLAND WOMAN IN EUROPE.
An observing correspondent of the Boston Traveller, who is now in Europe, writes of the greatest land of wit and humor. He describes an interesting scene at the Police Office a few days since, thus: "William P. Hollingsworth, Esq. (as he writes himself) came to the office very much excited, and demanded an immediate audience, which being obtained by special favor, he declared that he had been grievously insulted by a low fellow named John Weeden, keeper of a little grogery in Locust street. Mr. Hollingsworth, the gentleman-insulted, is a man of figure and a man of mustaches, moreover; he was dressed in very good style, and had an air of extreme haughty, though the tip of his nose is only about five feet from the pavement. Mr. Weeden, the 'low fellow' referred to by Mr. Hollingsworth, is a six footer, and proportionally stout, but a man of very plain and unassuming manners. Mr. Hollingsworth, in reply to the interrogations of the Mayor, stated that he was a gentleman by profession, and nothing shorter. He 'lived on his means,' though he admitted that he owned no property, real or personal, and did not wish to be bothered with any thing of the kind. When requested to specify the nature of the insult which had been offered him, he said that the 'low fellow' was always sending impudent messages to his dwelling, and pestering him about a trifling debt of nine dollars and sixty-two cents. As Weeden was his neighbor, he thought he would paralyze him—though he (Mr. H.) was 'unaccustomed to deal at such small shops.' To encourage the 'low fellow' he had run up this bill of nine dollars and odd cents, by purchasing cabbage, potatoes, &c., on credit, in the most gentlemanly way, he promised to pay, as soon as convenient. Twelve months rolled by, and the convenient season for settlement had not arrived. 'The ungrateful rascal,' said Mr. Hollingsworth, 'refused to let my domestic have any more vegetables without the money—a piece of low-bred insolence, of which I did not think it worth my while to take any notice, though I have been whipped a man for a much less matter. Not satisfied with this presumptuous refusal to supply my servant with the articles sent for, he had the audacity to send in his bill repeatedly by a shop boy, who always came knocking at my front door, instead of quietly positioning for payment at the back gate; without letting the neighbors know what he was after. I hope soon to experience to a gentleman of my condition will meet with a severe rebuke,' said Mr. H. In conclusion, glancing triumphantly at Weeden, as if satisfied that he had placed that unfortunate person in a particular bad fix, Gray was the insulted gentleman's avowment when the Mayor, coolly replied: 'I know but one remedy for your grievance, and that is to pay your bill when you find dunning so offensive to your gentlemanly dignity.' Mr. Hollingsworth, observing there is no law for the protection of gentle people in this country, seized his hat and hastily left the office."

BEY MONDAY.—Perhaps it is not generally known that the reason why shoemakers do not work on Monday, originated in the following tradition: While Oliver Cromwell lay encamped at Perth, he received intelligence of the death, by self-destruction, of John Monday, one of his most zealous and active partisans, who lived at a village which now bears his name, in the north of Damhead. Out of respect to the memory of poor honest John, the Lord Protector issued a proclamation throughout Perth, wherein he offered a reward to the person who should compose the best lines on the death of Monday. Among the claims for the promised reward, was a worthy son of St. Cuthbert, belonging to the Fair City, who verbatim repeated the following lines:
Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And cursed be the worldly peck;
Tuesday will commence the week,
Since Monday's day he bled himself.
Cromwell was so well pleased with this jeu d'esprit of the Tutor, that the reward was not only awarded him, but he also ordered that the shoemakers should have, henceforth, the Monday of each week as a holiday.

WOMAN OF 1851.—Oh, wondrous age, when want of native charms no longer fill fair women with alarms; when painted roses, dora the yellow face, and cotton stuffing gives her every grace; when piles of gold, her sire's all-got gain; make ill atonement for her want of brains; when solid graces yield a blunted dart, while wit and moonlight win the lover's heart.—Stark.

RICH.—You seem animated by this fine autumnal scene, my dear Annie," said her lover, and so to their wedding day.
"No," said she; "I never shall be animated till I see you," and he gave her such a kiss that Jimmie vowed she thought somebody had hit against her heart with the heel of a wet shoe; it made such a noise.

ALL FOR MONEY.
What a funny world is ours,
Very funny!
Full of sunshine, full of flowers,
Full of money!
But the best is hard to get,
What a pity!
Many are in want of it,
In the city,
In the village, in the town,
Men are wandering up and down,
Through the valleys, o'er the hills,
Selling notions, vending pills,
And his hand the farmer tills,
All for money!
That is funny!
What a funny world is ours,
Very funny!
Full of thorns and full of flowers,
Full of money!
Money, money, is the rage,
All are striving,
In this truly colder age,
To be thriving.
Concert singers travel round,
Murdering all harmonious sound,
Dandies undertake to preach,
Stuamens too will make a speech,
All for money,
That is funny!
What a funny world is ours,
Very funny!
Full of sweets and full of sour,
Full of money!
Men for money toil and slave,
Ceasing never,
From the cradle to the grave,
Surviving ever.
Priests and cobblers take their tools,
Blessing, rattling up our souls,
Doctors either 'cure or kill,'
Tailors bring a wicked bill,
All for money,
That is funny!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF RAVENNA. In this State, have made a very important discovery in Daguerreotyping, by which they are enabled to take groups, six feet apart, and landscapes by the same arrangement. The Ravenna Whig, speaking of the discovery, says:
We have seen specimens taken by them which far exceed any thing which has been before exhibited by Daguerreans. We saw on a horizontal line of six feet, several objects placed at different distances, each minutely clear and distinct, and all in perfect focal arrangement. In the background a colored French lithograph was taken with admirable precision. We also informed that the process is entirely new with them, being taken by an arrangement of the common camera known only to themselves, no reflection being used, or any principle heretofore known. The cost of the arrangement will not exceed five dollars.

MIND YOUR DOTS.—A Kentucky member of Congress wrote to his wife on his arrival at Washington City, he had formed a connection with a very agreeable Miss, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly. Unfortunately to the surprise and mortification of the good lady to whom he was writing he inadvertently dotted the e in the word Miss.

PRINTERS' FREES.—Two printers in the Plymouth Rock office, tired of taking impositions on the forms of that paper, tried it on the heads of two fair damsels. After several settings up they succeeded in taking such fair proofs of the matter that this week the minister of the place was called in and asked of the whole four forms in two split editions, leaving them locked up for life. Now let them "circulate the documents."

MARRIAGE GOOD FOR HEALTH.—Dr. Cooper, of Berlin, has calculated that the mortality among bachelors from the age of 30 to 45 years, is 27 per cent; while among married men of the same age it is only 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of forty years, there are 73 married men who attain the same age. The advantage in favor of married life is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At 60 years there remains but 22 bachelors for 48 married men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors for 68 married; and at 80 years, 3 bachelors against 6 married men.

LETTER FROM OREGON.
A letter from Oregon published in the Baptist Register, says:
Forests, on the bottom lands, and mountains too, when not precipitous, are made up of an astonishing burthen of timber. Trees stand near each other; the number of an acre is great. Large very large trees are frequent. Yet the great body of timber is of useful sizes, and a prettier grove from which to select building timber, a carpenter cannot desire to enter. The trees are tall, straight, and hold their size remarkably. "The keel of the steamer Lot Whitcomb, is 160 feet long. The tree from which it was hewn measured twenty-four by twenty-seven inches in diameter at the butt. Mr. Abernethy, of Oak Point, sawed 101 feet in length of saw logs from a fir tree, the butt measuring 32 inches, and the top 16 inches. As beautiful a tree as I have seen, stands on the claim of Judge Strong, at Cathlamet, a drawing of which was made for a London pictorial newspaper. It is ten feet in diameter at the bottom, and 230 feet high. But trees are found that measure 300 feet as they lay extended on the ground, and near the coast 200 feet in length of saw-logs have been taken from a tree on more than one occasion. Fir and Spruce run up, spire like, farthest among the clouds, never throwing out lateral branches. The quantity of lumber would be exhaustive, if felled only for lumber purposes.
These timbers split freely. They are split into rails and shingles, and at a distance from saw-mills, into siding for houses. Such weather boards are over eight feet long, and half an inch in thickness. At Pacific City, I went out with a proprietor of a saw-mill to see the manner of felling spruce timber. With a large auger a hole is bored through the green standing tree, or two holes so bored as to meet within the white or sap part of the wood. Then a coal of fire is put into the hole. The draught of air sets it burning, and in from six to twelve hours, according to the size of the tree, it falls, with little or no more waste of wood than would be used by an axeman. It is then barked and cut up with the saw. Thus 15 minutes with the auger does the work of half or two-thirds of a day with an axe. Fir trees are not so felled for lumber. The white, which is nearly the same as the balsam fir of the State does not burn sufficiently well, and the yellow and red turn to freely, and waste the timber.
BURN LIVES!—On the 9th instant, the anniversary of the execution of Robert Blum, at Vienna, black-edged placards were found posted on the street-corners of Dresden, containing the words Robert Blum lives! The police have endeavored in vain to discover those who put them up. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the same day, two black flags were found erected on an island of the river containing the inscription "Blum lives! Kosulka lifts the cover from his tomb—the day for freedom's fight is dawning!"

FROM SOME CAUSE OR OTHER, weddings are very bad for the eyes. The moment the knot is tied the bridesmaid, two suns and a mother rush into a hall or bed-room, and have a good cry for hours together. Why a poor devil's promise to pay a young woman's board bill should operate thus on the "finer strings of our nature," puzzles us to divine.

THE YANKEE BLADE proposes the following remedy for the ills of the flesh and spirit, composed of Leaves Plants and Roots, which if taken without a wry face will make any man respectable and happy:
Leave off Drinking.
Leave off Chewing.
Leave off Snuffing.
Leave off Swearing.
Leave the G'shals alone.
Plant your pleasures in the home circle.
Plant your business in some honorable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habits in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affection in God.
For directions see Holy Scriptures and beware of counterfeit creeds and quack theologians.

A LEADING MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, at Brighton, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his knowledge within the last six months.

A YOUNG PREACHER out west, in describing heaven, says "it's a world of bliss filled with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now.

WE MUST NOT DECK either virtue or learning in false colors, in order to render them attractive to the youthful eye.

OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH.
FRONT STREET,
POMEROY, OHIO.
Rates of Advertising:
One square (13 lines or less) three weeks, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, .25
One square, three months, .75
One square, six months, 1.25
One square, one year, 2.00
One half column, one year, 2.00
Three-fourths of a column, one year, 2.50
One column, one year, 3.00
Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
If casual advertisers must pay in advance.
Job Printing, of every description will be executed with accuracy and neatness.

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Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habits in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affection in God.
For directions see Holy Scriptures and beware of counterfeit creeds and quack theologians.

A LEADING MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, at Brighton, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his knowledge within the last six months.

A YOUNG PREACHER out west, in describing heaven, says "it's a world of bliss filled with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now.

WE MUST NOT DECK either virtue or learning in false colors, in order to render them attractive to the youthful eye.

LETTER FROM OREGON.
A letter from Oregon published in the Baptist Register, says:
Forests, on the bottom lands, and mountains too, when not precipitous, are made up of an astonishing burthen of timber. Trees stand near each other; the number of an acre is great. Large very large trees are frequent. Yet the great body of timber is of useful sizes, and a prettier grove from which to select building timber, a carpenter cannot desire to enter. The trees are tall, straight, and hold their size remarkably. "The keel of the steamer Lot Whitcomb, is 160 feet long. The tree from which it was hewn measured twenty-four by twenty-seven inches in diameter at the butt. Mr. Abernethy, of Oak Point, sawed 101 feet in length of saw logs from a fir tree, the butt measuring 32 inches, and the top 16 inches. As beautiful a tree as I have seen, stands on the claim of Judge Strong, at Cathlamet, a drawing of which was made for a London pictorial newspaper. It is ten feet in diameter at the bottom, and 230 feet high. But trees are found that measure 300 feet as they lay extended on the ground, and near the coast 200 feet in length of saw-logs have been taken from a tree on more than one occasion. Fir and Spruce run up, spire like, farthest among the clouds, never throwing out lateral branches. The quantity of lumber would be exhaustive, if felled only for lumber purposes.
These timbers split freely. They are split into rails and shingles, and at a distance from saw-mills, into siding for houses. Such weather boards are over eight feet long, and half an inch in thickness. At Pacific City, I went out with a proprietor of a saw-mill to see the manner of felling spruce timber. With a large auger a hole is bored through the green standing tree, or two holes so bored as to meet within the white or sap part of the wood. Then a coal of fire is put into the hole. The draught of air sets it burning, and in from six to twelve hours, according to the size of the tree, it falls, with little or no more waste of wood than would be used by an axeman. It is then barked and cut up with the saw. Thus 15 minutes with the auger does the work of half or two-thirds of a day with an axe. Fir trees are not so felled for lumber. The white, which is nearly the same as the balsam fir of the State does not burn sufficiently well, and the yellow and red turn to freely, and waste the timber.
BURN LIVES!—On the 9th instant, the anniversary of the execution of Robert Blum, at Vienna, black-edged placards were found posted on the street-corners of Dresden, containing the words Robert Blum lives! The police have endeavored in vain to discover those who put them up. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the same day, two black flags were found erected on an island of the river containing the inscription "Blum lives! Kosulka lifts the cover from his tomb—the day for freedom's fight is dawning!"

FROM SOME CAUSE OR OTHER, weddings are very bad for the eyes. The moment the knot is tied the bridesmaid, two suns and a mother rush into a hall or bed-room, and have a good cry for hours together. Why a poor devil's promise to pay a young woman's board bill should operate thus on the "finer strings of our nature," puzzles us to divine.

THE YANKEE BLADE proposes the following remedy for the ills of the flesh and spirit, composed of Leaves Plants and Roots, which if taken without a wry face will make any man respectable and happy:
Leave off Drinking.
Leave off Chewing.
Leave off Snuffing.
Leave off Swearing.
Leave the G'shals alone.
Plant your pleasures in the home circle.
Plant your business in some honorable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
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